

HOME READING.

THE COZIEST TIME.

Oh, the five-o'clock chime brings the cozyest time.
That is found in the whole of the day.
When Larry and Gus and the others of us
Come in from our study and
When we push the big chair to the hearth
over there,
And pile the wood higher and higher,
And make her a space in the very best
place—
And mother sits down by the fire.
There's a great deal to say at the close of the day.
And much to talk over with mother;
There's a comical sight or a horrible
plight.
Or a ball game, or something or other;
And she'll laugh with Larry, and sigh with
Harry.
And smile to our heart's desire
At a triumph won or a task well done.
When sitting down there by the fire,
Then little she'll care for the clothes that
she wears.
Or the havoc we make on her ladder;
For the toll and the strife of our every-
day life.
She will love us a little bit harder;
Then our lady she is, and her knights we
would be,
And our trusty doughty deeds will inspire;
For her then and now to be generous and
true.
When mother sits down by the fire,
—Martha Burr Banks, in N. Y. Independent.

THEY ABDUCTED THE BAND.

And Spoiled the Dance Given by the Rival Set.

The returned Cow Puncher set down his cup of black coffee after he had taken the first sip, and pursed up his mouth into an expression of scorn.
"Slop," he said, briefly.
The poet made a gesture of protest.
"Oh, I dare say it's stronger enough for you!" said the Cow Puncher.
"What?"
"The coffee."
"It was your expression to which I objected."
"When I said the stuff was—"
"Spare us a repetition!" interrupted the poet.

"Well, I suppose my imagery is rather too poetic for you. So would the coffee be too poetic for you. I wish I had it in this cup as well—when I spoke U-m-m!" And the Cow Puncher closed his eyes with the look of a satisfied epicure. "They call this stuff 'black coffee,'" he went on, rousing himself. "About black enough for the second or third year of widowhood, I should say. You ought to taste the coffee we used to have down in Texas! It was so strong that it ate the enamel off the cups."

"That's some more of your epic imagery," laughed the Boys' Own Story Writer.
"Pretty strong coffee, evidently," remarked the poet, "but it doesn't seem to have been able to affect brass."

The Cow Puncher carelessly knocked the ash from the end of his cigarette and regarded the poet out of the tail of his eye, but "Texas is a great state" was all that he said.

"It was two years ago," he resumed, after a pause, "that we gave our famous dance, upon which glorious occasion we everlastingly scooped the rival cowboys at the other end of the town."

"I thought you lived on a ranch," interposed the poet, with deep suspicion.
"Did you think I spent three years out there and saw only one view? But then you don't understand the lives of men of action, I suppose, and I mustn't be too hard on you."

"About that dance?" asked the Boys' Own Story Writer.
"Ah, that was a great event!" exclaimed the Cow Puncher, lighting a fresh cigarette. "You see, the idea originated with our end of the town, and naturally we felt that we had a right to it. Anybody would have felt so. Anybody, that is, except our deadly rivals. No sooner had the news of our scheme got out than they began to lay their plans for a howdy-do, and on the same night as ours, mind you!"

"What difference did that make?" growled the poet.
"Well, it made just this difference: There wasn't room in that town for two dances, and everybody knew it. It lay between us to get the crowd. We couldn't both get it, and neither of us could get half a crowd. Things don't go that way out there. Everybody goes to the place that puts up the best show and the other one doesn't have a corporal's guard. We knew this, so we had taken care to engage the only music in the town before we let a word of our plans get out. This music consisted of a fiddle (cracked) played by a fiddler (who was also cracked), seconded by a wheezy melodeon which had a way of going off into a fit of gasps when you were most depending on it."

"It was a great thing for us to have secured the music, because that, we knew, would put us at a terrible handicap to our rivals. They wouldn't be able to put up anything better than one of their own men who played the mouth organ, and didn't amount to much even at that, inasmuch as he had only one lung. We felt pretty jubilant, I tell you; and the other fellows looked correspondingly blue. But that didn't last long. One day we heard a startling rumor. We could scarcely believe our senses, but ample proof was soon furnished us that the dreadful tale was true. Our rivals had hired a Mexican man where our cake! We held a consultation at once and canvassed the possibilities, but we had to admit that they were as good as hopeless. We immediately enlarged the scope of the supper we had promised. Of course there was to have been black coffee—that was what reminded me of the dance—and whiskey and various other things, and we promptly sent out an emissary to spread the news in the town that our catering programme had been doubled. All the time, though, we knew it was a forlorn hope."

"You see, it was this way: The feminine element of our community was limited. Partners were at a premium, even if every woman in the place turned out, and where the women were, there would be dead sure the men would go, too. Well, the women wouldn't hesitate a minute if it came to a choice between a little better supper and a good deal better music. We knew that, and we felt as if we might as well lay our hands down and give up the game. There was a fellow there from Kentucky, though, and the day after the announcement of the import-land came out he strolled in at supper time and threw his hat into the corner with a look of the most effective blue-lass-country salutes. We returned the compliments of the evening and he sat down at the table."

"How's the party comin' on?" he asked.
"We groaned."
"Oh, he said, 'you ain't got moh'n enough ingenuity to subvert a kitten! If one of you gentlemen 'll be good enough as to place himself unob- viously in my direction I give yo' my monah that we'll have the only ball in this town!'"

"Well, perhaps we didn't jump at the offer, and, after he'd picked out his man, we made him tell what his plan was. I'll tell you how we carried it out. The next morning we all went out looking very gay and cheerful; quite a contrast to the glum set we had been. Whenever anybody gave us the razzle-dazzle, begging our pardon (the apology was in the 'Roe' direction), we well, we gave them the 'ha! ha!' and looked so blameworthy that the town couldn't make out what was up. When we ran across one of the ladies whom we had invited to come—not that we had omitted to ask any of them—we were as dashing as we knew how to be. We wanted to know how many dances we were going to have with 'em and all that. They couldn't make us out quite, but they gave us to understand that our name was Dennis because, to be sure, of the lovely music that the other gentlemen were importing for the occasion. Hadn't we heard of it?"

"We laughed at this; laughed loud and long, much to their bewilderment, and finally we found breath enough to ask them if they really believed in that fake story of an imported band. Oh, sure they did! At which we laughed again, and then pitied them. Finally, when we had them at the proper point, we swore to them that no band was coming, that we knew it, and we were willing to stake all our future chances as entertainers on it. Well, they hedged a little then, promised to come to our party if the band didn't turn up, and that was all we asked. Our Kentucky cavalier had agreed to see that the band did not turn up."

"How did he fix that?" asked the Boys' Own, and his tone spoke evident regret that this theme wasn't all that could be desired for a story for the young, else could he have made copy of it.

"Easy! easy!" said the Cow Puncher, carelessly. "It was the simplest thing in the world. We learned that the band was to arrive on a way train which passed our town at nine o'clock in the evening. About seven o'clock the Kentucky and his companion got on their horses and rode quietly out of town."

"So they went to another village, ten miles or so down the road, where the train was due about 8:30. They don't run lightning express for the local traffic out that way. When the train came in our two fellows greeted them with a jovial welcome, told them they were their station, and hauled them off and into a big wagon which they had all ready there. The Mexicans didn't really know where they were, and the Kentucky fooled them completely. He and the other fellow got on their horses and started with the wagon out on the road to our town. At first they thought they would start in the opposite direction, but they didn't want to miss any more of the ball than was necessary, so they took their own road."

"When they were two miles out of town the wagon broke down. My Kentucky fellow promptly dismounted. He worked the wagon back, when the breakdown occurred they made a show of examining the wagon and took the occasion to remove several other bolts besides the one they had fixed originally. Then they told the Mexicans that they, our fellows, would have to ride on a place near by and get something to fix the wagon with. They told the band to 'just sit there quietly' until they came back, and with that they spurred up their horses and were off like the wind for home and the dance. They got there almost as soon as the crowd did."

"Then you got the crowd?" repeated the Cow Puncher, winking his head aside.
"Yes, never saw such a landslide as there was when that train came in without bringing any band! The party simply melted away at the other place, and it wasn't five minutes after the train had gone out of sight before I was dancing my first waltz with a—well, it may be that time and distance enhance her charms, and anyway I'll be a gleam in the poet's eye, and I know he'll make copy out of my dance of the dance, and I won't have it. But I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Here, waiter! Say, boil down some of that octocorn coffee, will you, and bring us some of that black! You understand, black! You know it. I'll tell you, I'll drink her health with you, though I doubt if it does much good. As I remember, she must have imbibed about a quart of our coffee that night, and she was a northern. They can't do it always with impunity. But it made her eyes shine that night, my son. My what a night that was!"—N. Y. Sun.

Deceitful Animals.
In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid military service. A chimpanzee had been on the sick list for some time, but after he had recovered he often feigned lameness in order to procure dainties from his master.

HUMOROUS.
—A woman thinks that a bed is no complete nor pretty without a lot of useless, fluffy things on the pillows. Washington (La.) Democrat.
—That horrid Miss Blumens tries to be so mannish. She actually smokes cigarettes. "I don't see anything manly in that."—Indianapolis Journal.
—Up-to-date Burglar (turning his X-ray lantern on his victim): "In addition to a watch, you have in your pocket 21 marks in gold and silver. Out with it or I'll shoot."—Fliegende Blätter.
—Inquiring Spectator (at the races): "Which horse was it that won't?"
—Speculative Spectator (homely): "I don't know the names of the horse that won, but I know the names of the most of the horses that didn't win."—N. Y. Weekly.
—These berths are for the passengers," said the Pullman porter to the countrymen to whom he was exhibiting the new car. "And where are your quarters?" asked the innocent visitor.
—In a good, safe bank," returned the porter, with a grin.—Harlem Life.
—Miss Cayenne complimented you very highly after you told that story at the dinner table," remarked one young man. "She liked that story, didn't she?"
—No. But she thought it illustrated a very admirable trait in your character. It showed that you never go back on an old friend."—Washington Star.
—A Serious Drawback—Hungry Davison—"By gee! I sometimes think our profession is just about the meanest, blindest goin'!" Hobo Hank—"Juh! Wot's wrong wid it?" Hungry Davison—"Well, when other fellows are abused they kin strike; but, darn it all, the only way we could strike would be to go in to work!"—Truth.
—Aged Husband—"You are going to ruin me with your extravagance. You don't need that cape any more than I need two tails. How often have I told you to keep anything but a cause it is cheap?" Young Wife (with the air of one who has got the better of the argument): "But it won't cheap. It cost ten pounds."—London Figaro.

HIS FLYING CAT.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

"Sparrows," said the colonel, "may be very upright, respectable, middle-class birds so long as they stay in England; but when they emigrate to America they are no longer the average of our working classes. Some meddlesome idiot brought a lot of sparrows to the states some ten or fifteen years ago, expecting they would kill all the worms on the fruit trees. They hadn't been in the country six months when they took the ground that they were as good as the best of our swill birds, and that they considered that killing worms was a degrading kind of labor fit only for blackbirds and crows. So they took to living on wheat, and strawberries, and cherries, and they multiplied so fast that they are the worst curse that the farmer and the fruit grower ever had."

"Prof. Van Wagener and I were discussing the sparrow question one day, and I was complaining of the inefficiency of the American cat. Our cats are about as wide-awake and as monarchical cats as you can produce, but they can't catch a single sparrow. I've known ambitious cats who set out to catch sparrows, and who wasted away to mere skeletons, and died of weakness through watching for sparrows from dawn to darkness, and never once getting within ten feet of one. As a general rule I don't have much sympathy for cats, but the insulting language that sparrows use when they see a cat laying for them, and the aggravating way in which they will fly just over the cat's head, or maybe hit the cat over the tail with their wings, is more than any cat can be expected to bear."

"The trouble is," said Van Wagener, "that the cat isn't a flying animal and the sparrow is. The sparrow's native element is the air, and you can't expect a cat to catch a sparrow so long as the cat can't fly."

"That's true," said I, "but it doesn't help out of difficulty. Cat's weren't made with wings, and neither you nor I can invent a new model of cat that will be able to fly, and to catch sparrows on the wing."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the professor. "Science has improved everything that it has put its hand to, and I see no reason why science shouldn't improve cats. A flying cat would supply a great public want, for she would kill off the sparrows as easily as she kills off the mice. I've had a mind to try the experiment of inventing a flying cat."

"All right," said I. "When you get your flying cat finished just notify me, and I'll come and see her fly. Then, if you are going in for improving animals, perhaps you will invent a cat that can sing like a nightingale. The present style of singing among cats is disgraceful. They haven't any more idea of music than a Chinaman."

"Well, the professor buckled down to business, and from his daily interviews with his private cat, and the consequent scratches that diversified his good old scientific countenance, I judged that he was doing his best to make a cat that would fly. Before six weeks were over he sent me a note inviting me to come round to his house at two o'clock the next afternoon to see the first successful flying cat that had ever been invented. I didn't say that I went. I had assisted at the birth of dozens of Van Wagener's inventions, and I had generally found that the presence of a man with experience in the treatment of accidents was a handy thing so far as the professor was concerned."

"You know, colonel," said he, "my method as an inventor. I ask myself what is needed in some particular purpose, and then I proceed to supply that need. Most people think that an inventor has ideas come to him all of a sudden, in a supernatural sort of way; but that is all nonsense. Inventing is a business, like any other, and any intelligent man can learn it. Now, when I saw that the reason why cats don't catch sparrows is that they can't fly after the bird, I saw at once that I was a flying cat, and I proceeded to invent one. Here I have a small balloon. This I fix to that cat of mine, and when it is inflated it will just support the weight of the cat in the air. Then you see this pair of paddle-wheels. They are to be fixed one on each side of the cat, and are to be driven by a small electrical engine. The balloon floats the cat, and the paddle-wheels propel her. In order to steer the cat I fix a flat piece of tin to the extremity of her tail. When she sees a sparrow her instinct will make her swish her tail from one side to the other, and her attention, being fastened on catching the bird, she will unconsciously wobble her tail in such a way as to steer her directly towards it."

"It wasn't an easy job to rig up Van Wagener's cat. She kicked and swore her level best, and got in several good scratches on the professor's hands. However, he stuck to his task, and after awhile the cat was ready, and we adjourned to the backyard. There was a whole gang of sparrows in the middle of the yard, forming a sort of ringround two that were fighting, and from the way in which every sparrow was talk-

ing at the top of its voice it was clear that some heavy betting on the fight was in progress. When they saw Van Wagener and his cat, they naturally flew up to the eaves of the house, where the fighting was resumed. Van Wagener took his flying cat to the extremity of the yard, and after showing her the sparrows at the top of the house, and exhorting her to gather them in, he launched her into the air.

"The cat rose slowly, kicking and yelling, until she was just about level with the eaves. The sparrows were so occupied with the fight that they paid no attention to her, and when she saw that there were at least 20 of them gathered close together, her desire to get at them made her temporarily forget her balloon and her paddle-wheels. She lashed her tail, her cats will do when bent on murder, and, just as the professor predicted, the effect was to steer her in the direction of the sparrows. Her paddle-wheels were working smoothly and regularly, and though they were not large enough to give her any speed, they steadily carried her across the yard towards the sparrow. Van Wagener was in ecstasy. He challenged me to point out any defect in his flying cat, and when I candidly admitted that it did seem to be a complete success, he was the happiest man in New Berlinopolisville. The cat came through the air so slowly and noiselessly that she was within two yards of the sparrows before they saw her. When they did catch sight of this new and startling animal, they were the worst frightened lot of birds that were ever seen outside of one of those so-called happy families, where half a dozen birds, clean paralyzed with fear, are shut in a cage with a cat that has been filled up with chloral, and the public is asked to regard the exhibition as a spectacle of what will be the usual sort of thing when the millennium gets its work fairly in. Those sparrows left in a tremendous hurry. They had a sudden business call in some distant part of Illinois, and I don't believe a single one of them stopped flying until they had put at least 30 miles between themselves and Van Wagener's flying cat."

"Now, you see," said the professor, "how completely successful my invention is. My flying cat will either catch the sparrows and kill them, or she will frighten them out of the country. In either case the great sparrow problem is solved. It makes no difference to me, as a scientific American citizen, whether all the British sparrows in the country are killed, or whether they are driven over into Canada. Come to think of it, I should prefer the latter result, for the driving of monarchical European birds out of our beloved country will be an object lesson in the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, which will be of immense benefit to the nation."

"The professor, being a scientific crank, was naturally a political crank also, and he was more than two-thirds mad on the subject of the Monroe doctrine. When the professor once got fairly started on the subject of the Monroe doctrine, he forgot everything else, and he had clean forgotten his flying cat when Mrs. Van Wagener leaned out of a second-story window, and advised him, in case he was going to make a political speech, to hire a hall. She was a mighty sarcastic woman, and her contempt for her husband's political views was even greater than her contempt for his scientific achievements. She was on the point of continuing her remarks about the professor's political oration, when she suddenly gave the awfullest shriek that I ever heard from female lips, though I was once in a room full of strong-minded women when a mouse ran across the floor. Mrs. Van Wagener thought that her last hour had come, judging from her screams, but, as I had a full view of what was taking place, I knew it was only the cat who had come. Having missed the sparrows, the cat turned partly round to see what had become of them, and just then Mrs. Van Wagener, having unconsciously put her head within the animal's reach, the cat judged that her opportunity for making a landing had arrived, and accordingly she lit on the top of Mrs. Van Wagener's head."

"Most any woman, not knowing that her husband had invented a flying cat, would have supposed when some monster with sharp claws, and a talent for using bad language, came flying through the air and lit on her head, that nothing less than the sea serpent, or the flying dragons mentioned in Scripture, had attacked her. What with the cat's desire to kick herself free from her flying apparatus, and her anxiety to get square with the human race, she did more with that poor woman's hair in five minutes than any other cat could have done in a good half hour. The professor tried to explain that it was only the cat, and begged his wife not to injure the flying apparatus. It didn't seem to occur to him that he ought to run to his wife's assistance till he had taken him by the shoulders and started him upstairs. I don't want you to think for a moment that he wasn't anxious to help his wife, but he was in the habit of looking at things from a scientific point of view, that he forgot that while he was explaining things Mrs. Van Wagener might be clawed to such an extent that she would never be recognized by her nearest friend. When he had once grasped the idea that she needed his help he fully flew upstairs, and succeeded in transferring the cat's attentions to himself. Then I had to come to the rescue, for the professor, not having half enough to interest the cat, she had devoted her efforts to beautifying his countenance, and it hadn't succeeded in pulling her off, and tossing her out of the window, she would have torn his eyes out, or at all events ruined his nose. Her balloon had burst during her interview with Mrs. Van Wagener, and consequently when I threw her out of the window she struck the ground pretty heavily, smashing up the paddle wheels. We never saw her again."

"Mrs. Van Wagener made peace with her husband on condition of his making a solemn promise never to have anything more to do with flying cats. I consider that she was wrong in so doing, for Van Wagener's invention was bound to be a success. If he had been allowed to carry it out, flying cats would have become as common as bats, and every sparrow in the states would have emigrated. If it wasn't that I don't believe in using other people's inventions, I would go in for the manufacture of flying cats, and the effects of drought, and also bring the times into the latest market, where they fetch the highest price, besides getting double service from the land. Limes grow by this system yielded more and better berries the past year than when grown alone with equally good culture. In raising other crops it will be possible to grow an early crop for market, and also as a mulch."

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RACING COCKROACHES.

A Queer Pastime Among the Prisoners in Constantinople Jails.

Racing cockroaches is the latest device of the prisoners who are languishing in the Turkish prisons. These men are locked up for indefinite terms, often not knowing themselves what are the crimes of which they are accused, and in many instances being entirely forgotten by the officials as soon as the doors of the prison have closed upon them.

The prisoners perform no work, and are given considerable freedom if they have friends who supply them from the outside with money. In this way the prisoners meet daily in the halls and corridors of the prisons of Constantinople. Here they discuss the news of the day, smoke and read, and do what they can to while away the dreary hours.

The prisoners are overrun with cockroaches. The more intelligent of the prisoners make friends with these insects.

Infinite patience is required to train a cockroach. But a man to whom time is nothing, like these Turkish prisoners, who may spend years behind the bars without coming up for trial, can easily afford to undertake the difficult task of educating a cockroach in the way he should go. Only the wealthy prisoners can do this, for by bribing the guards they are enabled to secure bread crumbs and pieces of sugar, which are eagerly sought for by the cockroaches.

By enticing a number of cockroaches into his cell every day, one of the prisoners discovered that they were possessed of rare intelligence and could easily be caught, if they were provided with molasses. After a few weeks' work he astonished his friends in the prison by bringing out for their edification a corps of trained cockroaches.

The cockroach fever at once spread through the prison. Every man who could beg or borrow molasses began to train a company of cockroaches. It was found to be a most diverting and exciting pastime.

When the prisoners met daily they recited the feats of their pets, and reported the progress they were making in teaching them new tricks. Out of this grew the cockroach race. Two of the most highly trained cockroaches were pitted against each other, and the prisoners ranged themselves on either side of the corridor to watch the race.

Bets were made of pieces of tobacco and loaves of bread, and great excitement arose among the onlookers as the new and novel contest was started. The prize for which the cockroaches raced was a small platter of molasses.

The owner of each insect prodded him with a piece of straw, and the cockroaches scurried about the floor, the excitement among the prisoners and jailers rose to fever heat. The insects had been so well trained that they deviated neither to the right nor left, but kept straight ahead.

The one that was beaten lost the race because he stopped to scratch his leg. The race between these two cockroaches was the most exciting event that has occurred in the Central prison of Constantinople since Armenians were cut down in the corridors there a year ago.

The prisoners at once started training cockroaches, and now races occur on the floor of the prison several times a day. This is afforded a welcome break in the monotony of the lives of the prisoners.—N. Y. Journal.

A WONDERFUL EMPEROR.
Some of the Affairs Which Occupy William II. of Germany.

That astonishing gentleman, the emperor of Germany, when not occupied with his painting or clay modeling or music lessons or designs for a new military coat, is usually talking about himself and his army. Just at present the subject of duelling is worrying him. In such leisure moments as Prince Bismarck allows him. Anyone who has traveled through Germany during the past two years knows how greatly the swaggering insolence of the German officer, in street and cafe, is due to the personal example of the emperor and his ludicrous insistence on the sanctity of a uniform. He has established in Germany a military despotism which makes the strictest of the large cities something more than objectionable to a foreigner. Even the Germans themselves are waking up to their folly in standing such tyranny. The outburst of indignation over the Brusewitz affair is the first attempt on the part of the man to turn. Lieut. Brusewitz killed a civilian in a cafe because, as the minister of war explained in the reichstag, "he believed that the honor of his uniform had been tarnished by the accidental pushing against his chair by the unfortunate workman." He was court-martialed and sentenced to four years' imprisonment and dismissal from the army. That was about three weeks ago.

The judgment of the court-martial, however, was not "sanctioned." Therefore it had no force in law. The emperor came down and insisted on all the documents of the case being submitted to the war minister. That, of course, simply means that Brusewitz will be acquitted. The government, however, is making tentative efforts to limit duelling. It is going to establish a court of honor. When one officer insults another they are both to be hauled before the court, and the judgment of that assembly is never to be worded in such a way as to make a duel a necessity, or even to imply the recognition of such means of settling a dispute.—Harper's Weekly.

A Broken Melody.
"Dearest," he said, as he swung to and fro upon the gate, "I wish I might linger here forever." She was about to say something encouraging when he got his finger caught in the hinge, and began yelling so hard that the entire neighborhood turned out to help him loose. Then all was over between them.—Pearson's Weekly.

To Grow Beans Successfully.
A Virginia bean grower gives the following advice: Plow deeply, make the soil rich, and plant to snap beans as early as possible, in rows two feet apart. At the second hoeing plant lima beans between the rows, so as to make the hills four feet apart each way. By the time the snap beans have yielded two pickings, the limas will want all the ground. Then pull the snap beans and use them, with all the weeds, as a mulch for the limas. This will insure the early ripening of the limas, and will also bring the beans into the latest market, where they fetch the highest price, besides getting double service from the land. Limas grow by this system yielded more and better berries the past year than when grown alone with equally good culture. In raising other crops it will be possible to grow an early crop for market, and also as a mulch.

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HOUSE PLANTS IN PLACE.

Care That Makes Palms Grow Green and Glossy—Fashionable Flower.

There is probably nothing quite so attractive for a household ornament as a healthy, growing plant. Just at this season of the year the palms and rubber plants, which have been enjoying a riotous span of life under the smiling influence of the sun and all the past summer, have been restored to their accustomed places in the house. As a rule, whatever these plants have added to their growth or height during the summer will represent their gain for the year. Their tropical constitutions are not capable of much exertion or expansion during the winter, and the unfolding of a new leaf is really a matter of great moment during this period to those who are fond of watching their development and growth.

An experienced florist says that constant watering, perhaps, is the common impression the fall is not the season for retreating or slipping rubber plants. The spring is the time. Retreating of both palms and rubbers was made a necessity in hundreds of cases lately after the night of the big storm, when so many fine plants, still adorning gardens, were toppled over. Excepting for this they would have needed no change until next spring, for the little which would have been added to their size would not have affected the root.

Palms and rubber plants are in such general use as household ornaments because it is comparatively easy to care for them. Just like human beings, they are extremely sensitive to changes in temperature, and should be guarded against draughts. They want sunshine and light for healthy growth, and are deprived of either or both they soon show a failure in beauty and vigor. In the average house the plant has some tough experiences. Madam decorates the pot with silken scarfs; puts the plant where the softened glare of a big lamp falls prettily on it, but at the same time, little by little, either scorches or dries up the plant itself, or it is placed with a lid due regard to light and sunshine in a window recess, where every wind that blows sends a shivering and chilling sensation to its very heart. If all the conditions of sun and light, with an amiable temperature, are in the plant's favor, besides keeping the roots slightly moist, it is necessary that the soil of both palms and rubbers should be kept free from dust by washing them off carefully every day with a sponge or soft cloth in lukewarm water. Attention of this kind need not take much time, and the appearance of the plant in its glossy green will be ample compensation.

Unless fortunately protected by dense overhanging foliage, neither rubbers nor palms, if still outdoors, could have survived the recent frosts. There will be many mild days yet, and, in fact, off and on all winter when they could be exposed without danger, but, as a rule, it is best to keep them indoors and run no risks, for it takes a long time for a plant to regain its vigor after a blight, whether it be a freezing or a scorching one.

The chrysanthemum will not be queen of the formal realm this fall. Orchids, in beautiful colorings and shapes, will be the proper thing for all decorative work for those who can afford such a costly luxury.

Roses are beautiful just now, whether it be the last one, "blooming alone," or whether one views a collection in a florist's storehouse. The American Beauty holds her own as queen of the mall, and will be just as popular this winter as ever. While moderately costly just now, when the gay season begins and social events succeed each other with rapidity, the price will mount higher and higher, until it is far beyond the reach of the ordinary being. The modest violet is on hand also, and holds its own. Bridal bouquets are just as popular made of lilacs of the valley as of bride roses, and possibly are more artistic. Valley lilacs can be had now, but the fashionable thing is, of course, the orchid.—Washington Star.

out in the rain
A good drenching in a cold rain is often the beginning of consumption. Yet no one claims that the germs of this disease exist in the rainwater. Then how was this brought about? The exposure was followed by a cold; the vitality was lowered; the cough continued for some weeks; the throat and lungs became congested; and thus all the conditions were favorable for the consumption germs.

Scott's Emulsion
of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does not directly attack these germs and kill them. But it does tone up the whole system and restores the body to health before serious harm is done. The germs of consumption thrive best when the system is weakened and the throat and lungs congested. Do not delay until it is too late, but treat your cough early. Cod-liver oil and the hypophosphites, in the form of Scott's Emulsion, are the very best remedies.

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From Chicago, Ill., writes Mrs. A